

The MICROSCOPE

Special Souvenir Issue



Back row: Vivien Temple and Gib Baal. Second row: Peggy Reid and Brenda Smith.
Front row: The Editor, Lucy Berton.

EVERYONE'S HERE (Eats Are On The House)

Mr. Evans' headaches are over. His flock has come home to roost. They are gathered at the gala banquet, short and tall, sober and (censored). There's Cass, trying to find a big piece of meat to make a rugby ball. There's Gib Baal, wondering if he'll go to eternity on a motorcycle. The Mike staff is here, cowering 'neath the glares of three English teachers and the annual staff. The clubs dusted off their executives and sent them to put in an appearance. The council is here and we see Mr. Anderson deeply engrossed in finding how much debit balance a pea on a knife has.

Well, need we say more? Our column has been filled and you may see the rest for yourselves.

BUMPER BANQUET Who'll Wash The Dishes?

Everyone is here — everyone that was invited and could come, that is the Professors, Students' Council, Council Elect, Rugby Team, and, last but not least, Club Presidents and Secretaries.

The Annual Awards Banquet — these banquets have been annually awarding for so long that their origin is lost in the deep, dim, dark past. In other words we don't know when the first one was held and we're not going to bother finding out. Besides — who cares?

The interesting thing is THIS YEAR'S BANQUET. Like everything else, it's the best yet. It is rumoured that the speeches will even have a joke in them —. We

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The MICROSCOPE

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"No News is Good News"

STAFF

Editor—Lucy Berton

Associate Editor—Gib Baal

Columnists—Brenda Smith, Gib Baal and Jim Asselstine

Reporters—Vivien Temple and Peggy Reid

Editorial

We thought we'd edited our last editorial, but — as Shaw puts it — "You Never Can Tell." (That remark for the benefit of Lit. Arts members.)

You may be pleased — we hope you are — but anyway you can keep this issue as a souvenir, a beautiful reminder of Victoria College.

In our last issue we said that we would be unable to congratulate the New Council because it wasn't elected, but we retract, remove, take back, and otherwise destroy that statement. In short, we congratulate the Council Elect. We hope that they will do as well as they intend to, and we are sure they will.

And while we're giving credit where credit is due, we heartily commend our retiring president and Council on their excellent work during the past year.

We hope you'll enjoy our souvenir issue, but please don't read it during speeches. Best of luck in exams — if you're anything like us you'll need it — a happy holiday, and we'll see you next year — maybe.

Column

By CASS

Everyone should be pleased to hear that next year's Council intends to carry on in the same efficient manner that this year's Council has done. However they feel that in the past year there was too much light in the Council room to really get things going.

Far be it from me to break up any little things at College, but after doing an Economics course I found that statistics show that in the University of Toronto the girls that go around with boys in college do not marry them.

Spring sure affects students in different ways. Take for instance our new President. I haven't heard him spouting any poetry, or painting any pictures, but that tie surely leads one to believe that the artist is coming out in him (around the neck).

If a couple of the lads had taken to high hats, we might have excused Mr. Hammond of creating a new fad, but all alone it seems as though he were in love. — Well, who said he wasn't — although it has been said he could do better without the beard.

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Dagwood Contest

Have you heard the rules of the Dagwood Contest, participated in by about six of our more intelligent College men?

Well, as I heer'd 'em — here are a few of the rules:

1. Each contestant contributes \$0.05.
2. Winner, i.e., man who, in opinion of judges, makes and brings to college the most original sandwich — gets cash prize.
3. Not more than four pieces of bread to be used.
4. Any fruit, vegetable, meat, cheese, dressing, fish, fowl, burgher or combination of same may be used.
5. Decision of judges is FINAL.
6. In presence of judges, contestant EATS own sandwich.
7. Contesant may not obliterate, eradicate, or otherwise commit assault and battery on judges during or immediately after contest.
8. Same goes for contestants obliterating, etc., other contestants.
9. Winner takes all other contestants for trip to California to recuperate.
- 10 The following of these rules is optional.

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Women's Comments

Yes, the women are still commenting . . . if you can find a moment between your neighbour's elbow and your neighbour's elbow . . .

Flash!!! Would you like a date with a delicious cake surrounded by an inch of caramel icing at a time when you are ravenously hungry? (Not now, I presume.) For further details of time and place consult June Macdonald. For excellent references see Iris Dickson or Bert Farley.

In an exclusive interview, Miss Gwen Gibbs, prospective secretary, informed us what she plans to do, should she be elected. "Well . . ." said Gwen, "FIRST, . . ." Gwen states that she will have all chairs in the Topper tested so that sophisticated college women will not artistically fold up when forementioned decrepit furniture folds up. Miss Gibbs also emphatically stated that she would give the president her undivided attention. Following in the steps of her predecessors, she thinks this is necessary . . .

Yes, Spring has certainly hit the college, and, in some cases, seems to have hit it too hard. Witness certain would-be members of the Fossils' Club. Don't be surprised if you see some of the girls with pig-tails and doll buggies. We want to play too!

RADIO

We train for the R. C. A. F., the Navy, the Army and commercial licences.

'PHONE G 4512

Sproll-Shaw School

Banquet Don'ts!

DON'T:

1. Take a microscope from the Bi Lab in order to see what is on your plate.
2. Laugh at our jokes in the middle of a serious speech.
3. Use a fork for the pie — what are your hands for?
4. Ask what the bulge is under Spanky's coat.
5. Watch you neighbour to see what knife to use — he's probably watching you.
6. Try to flick your spoon into your neighbour's cup. We know it can't be done — we tried it once.
7. Whistle at the waiter or call him "Garcon." He may have been to college once, but he won't admit it.
8. Throw food under the table. Remember, other people's dogs are under there too.

BUMPER BANQUET

(Continued from Page One)

wonder who'll get it out first. If anyone quotes Confucius there is likely to be a mass assassination. As everyone knows water is always served to speech-makers. The reason for this is that the speeches are usually too dry otherwise.

Some of our speakers have disclosed that they intend to read this edition of the Microscope instead of their speeches, since the diners will all be reading this anyway.

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THE PIXILATED PRES.

A spectre was stalking the College halls — the spectre of Bombshelism. "Aha," it said blissfully, as it watched Heat Penderside approach, giving away babies right and left. "Got any cigars to kiss?" the young man asked.

Cauldron 3/4 Head sighed and turned to address the Science Club. "Men!" he cried fervently, "are we men or mice?"

"Rats," gasped H. (Tuffy) Evans.

"Why Hawwy! you never told me," exclaimed Peggy Sledgewoman.

The spectre, sensing a slight disagreement, hurried to that deep, dark den of sedition (this sort of thing was more to his taste, as he had a perverted intellect, due to an unhappy love affair during his life) the College Library. For no less than three Technocrats were assembled there.

But his comrades did not stay long. "The Banquet! We'll be late for the Banquet!" and they were off. Alone, the spectre mused, "a banquet."

Now there is only one way for a respectable spectre to get into a banquet — i.e., incorporated in the person of some celebrity who is entering to fill his face. Now who? The most outstanding figure in the College, the President elect, of course. The spectre had decided.

The worthy dignitaries at the banquet were shocked at the queer behaviour of Heat Penderside.

During the soup course he could suppress his desire no longer.

"Ah this modern generation," philosophically mused L. E. Ott as Heat's plate of soup struck him in the face. "It does discourage one" admitted Wilf Flicker futilely attempting to ward off (not 9) a plate of fish. "It makes one wonder if there is any use going on."

When all was over, one mangled Mike reporter was left muttering— "too much literary taste and stuff—or psychology."